# UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

*Editors*

John Haynes Holmes  Francis Neilson

## How It Looks at Seventy

*By* ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

## Ireland's Opportunity

*By* FRANCIS NEILSON

## New Hells for Old

*By* HENRY J. ADLARD

## Out of the Pit: Two Papers

*By* CHARLES F. DOLE

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## *A Journal of the Religion of Democracy*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1922 NUMBER 20

## TWO WORLDS.

I live on earth, old earth.
My body moves among the wrongs of men;
The wars for greed; the strife and bitter hate;
Those ancient and intolerable wrongs,
That crush my heart with disillusionment.

I live on earth, new earth.
My spirit moves among the dreams of men,—
Great hearted fellowship and stalwart loves,
Tall justice, unsurrendered hope and peace.
My spirit moves among these dreams and sings.

CLARA A. SKINNER.

---

UNITY has again the pleasure of announcing an important addition to its staff of "Foreign Representatives." We refer to

REV. CHARLES STRONG

of Australia, a venerable and venerated religious leader in that far-away commonwealth. In a letter dated "6 Dec., 1921," and received in New York on January 13th, Dr. Strong writes:

> Of course I shall be most happy to do anything I can to aid your project of a really catholic journal. I have long felt that the movement towards a deeper and fuller interpretation of Christian religion as the Light of Life needs some common expression, and that its widely scattered representatives need the support of feeling that they are not alone, but members of a spiritual Brotherhood and Sisterhood.

There is no one whom we could welcome more gladly to our fellowship than Charles Strong. He is a man after Jenkin Lloyd Jones's own heart, and the hearts of those who knew and loved Dr. Jones. Liberal in spirit, courageous in action, a lover of truth and right, he has for years been a mighty power for true Christianity in Australia. His church has always been a center to which have rallied the free and progressive spirits of the land. His paper, *The Commonwealth,* has been a pioneer for righteousness and peace. We feel immeasurably strengthened and heartened that Dr. Strong is willing to join with us and help sustain our work.

---

The political overturn in France may not be as serious as we now imagine. On the face of things, nothing could be much worse. Poincaré's ascendancy, if maintained, means the triumph inside the Republic of a militarism as corrupt and disgusting as the German militarism of pre-war days was efficient and terrible; and the restoration in Europe at large of that old-time, secret, nationalistic diplomacy which wrecked the world once and may easily do so again. It means the definite ending of every healing measure—the Economic Conference at Genoa, the lifting or suspension of German reparations, the *rapprochement* with Russia, disarmament—and the consequent abandonment of Europe to irretrievable disaster. All this, without question, if Poincaré holds power! But, will he hold power? We cannot believe so! It is immensely significant that Briand, on his hurried return from Cannes, was not expected to resign, and was not forced to resign. Why did he take this sensational step, if not to "call the bluff" of the militarists who had been baiting him for so long, force them into office, and therewith reveal the bankruptcy of their proposals and policies? We have no respect for the French Government and parties, but we cannot believe that the Republic is so far gone in madness as to tolerate the final wreckage of Europe for the gratification of pride and revenge. The Poincaré ministry, unless all signs fail, will fall as suddenly as it arose. Briand, or some similar moderate, will take the place of the present Premier and enjoy a period of control which was impossible so long as the militarists were left to howl and jeer in the safe retreat of the opposition benches. This, after the present brief and shameful interval, will mean stability, and a genuine attempt to save the world by policies of enlightened statesmanship. Incidentally this episode sheds a flood of light on Briand's speech at the Washington Conference! It is now evident that that screaming tirade was addressed not to Washington at all, but to Paris.

---

*The New Republic* is perfectly right when it says (January 18, 1922), that

> the terms which are now offered to the Soviet Republic by the Supreme Council, as a condition to the admission of Russia to the family of nations, are none other than the terms liberals in America and England have been urging for the last three years.

If there is any exception to this statement, it is in the matter of the validation of the Czar's foreign debt. Apart from this unimportant item, all that forces like UNITY have been contending and fighting for, has now been granted. The only question which remains is the question as to whether these things have been granted in time! Had the present policy been adopted in 1919, it is certain that Russia would have been saved from the vast calamity which now devours her, and probable that Europe would have been so strengthened that the present menace of universal disaster would have been altogether removed. But those who knew it all, the practical-minded men, would not have it so. They re-

fused to yield not merely to common sense but even to mercy, and the present indescribable situation is the result. We have always believed that the out-and-out idealist is the only really practical man, because he is the only man who recognizes that law of right which rules the relations of men as irrefrageably as the law of gravitation rules the orbits of the stars. But the world waves the idealist aside as a mere fanatic, and thus goes on contentedly paying the price of stupidity and fear.

---

The facts as to the origin of the Great War are now so well understood by all but certain curious and absurd minds, that it seems ridiculous to raise the question again. The myth of England's participation on behalf of Belgium, however, still lingers; and it may not be amiss, therefore, to call the attention of our readers to Lord Esher's book, "The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener," where the myth is at last laid once and for all. Lord Esher, it may be said, was active in the English War Office under Lord Haldane, is familiar with all secrets of government from 1906 to 1914, and hence speaks with authority when he says that the invasion of Belgium by the German hordes "made no vital difference to the resolve already taken by Asquith and Grey." If Germany had never entered Belgium, in other words, England would have joined in the war just the same. The Belgian episode was a fortunate event, says Lord Esher, since it gave just the moral excuse for action which was necessary to preserve "the unity of the nation, if not the integrity of the government." But if this pretext had failed, some other would have been promptly found! England had not been preparing for this war since the days of Salisbury for nothing! But think of the things that were so piously said, the appeals to high heaven that were so unctuously spoken, all the hypocritical devices by which the people were fooled! Who can ever believe a statesman, or respect a government, again?

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*The Publishers' Weekly* has recently taken a vote among two hundred booksellers in this country on the question of the leading American writers now living. The result of the balloting for this informal election to the American hall of literary fame, disclosed the following forty names, listed in the order of preference:

Booth Tarkington
Edith Wharton
Joseph Hergesheimer
Henry Van Dyke
Gertrude Atherton
Winston Churchill
Amy Lowell
Edgar Lee Masters
James Branch Cabell
Sinclair Lewis
Joseph Lincoln
Owen Wister
Robert Frost
Theodore Dreiser
Vachel Lindsay
Mary Roberts Rinehart
Irving Bacheller
Henry L. Mencken
Agnes Repplier
Eugene O'Neill
Irvin S. Cobb
Wm. Roscoe Thayer
Frederick O'Brien
Zane Grey
Woodrow Wilson
Stewart Edward White
Kathleen Norris
Gene Stratton Porter
Dorothy Canfield
Edward Arlington Robinson
Christopher Morley
Margaret Deland
Zona Gale
Willa S. Cather
Thomas Nelson Page
Alice Brown
Brander Matthews
Mary Watts
Carl Sandburg
Kate Douglas Wiggin

Some of these names obviously belong upon this list; such are Booth Tarkington, Edith Wharton, Winston Churchill, Zona Gale, Edgar Lee Masters, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Vachel Lindsay, and perhaps a dozen others. Omissions and inclusions, however, have the usual amazing quality that attaches to lists of this kind. What place, for example, have Mary Roberts Rinehart, Zane Grey, and Gene Stratton Porter in any company of literary figures; and if these are included, why are Fanny Hurst, Robert Chambers and Harold Bell Wright omitted? Irvin S. Cobb is a hilarious humorist, but what ranking has he in literature as compared with "Mr. Dooley"? Agnes Repplier is as clever as she is archaic, but what right has she to place on a list which does not include Samuel M. Crothers? Amy Lowell is perhaps entitled to position because of fame; but as a poet she is not in the same class at all with Edna St. Vincent Millay. And what are we to think of a list of contemporary "immortals" which makes no mention of James Lane Allen, Hamlin Garland, Robert Herrick, Upton Sinclair, Mary E. Wilkins, and Edwin Markham? Booksellers are obviously poor judges of the wares they handle!

---

Every age must have its heretics. A hundred years ago—nay less, as witness Robert G. Ingersoll!—our heretics were theological. Today, our heretics are political and economic. This does not mean that there are no longer any theological disputes. There *are!* It simply means that people do not care enough about such disputes to persecute or punish those who hold minority opinions. Theology is not taken seriously today; so we may believe or not, just as we please. It is quite otherwise, however, with social questions. Here people care, are afraid, are quick with passion; and therefore woe unto the man who dares to think for himself or advocate a new idea of change! Our conservatives today take exactly the same attitude toward the so-called "reds" that Calvin took toward the Anabaptists, James I toward the Independents, and the New England Puritans toward the Quakers. They misrepresent them, slander them with false charges, arrest them, torture them, harry them out of the land, refrain from killing them only because killing is no longer fashionable in good society. And the funny part of it is, that the conservatives never realize for a moment what they are doing, or know that they are destined to be remembered in history along with the old-time persecutors whom they most reprobate. The heretic has an invaluable social use. He shows where the battle for liberty must be fought, he points the way of progress; he uncovers the enemies of mankind. He

who understands the drama of social heresy today can prophesy with accuracy the future.

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It is mighty interesting to learn of the appearance in the labor world of the National Catholic Labor Union. This organization, we are told, has already secured 40,000 members in Canada, and has been clamoring vociferously at Ottawa for recognition. This launching of the power of the Roman Church on to the vast sea of politics, economics and trade, will bring consternation to most liberals and radicals, we have no doubt, just as to many conservatives it will bring gratifying promise of disruption of labor forces. To get organized labor divided along religious lines, would seem to many reactionary business men like the coming of the millennium. But hold on a minute! Are we so sure that this movement is going to work this way? Why should it not, in the end, teach thousands of church-bound workingmen the value and potency of trades union organization, and thus open up to radical propaganda a field of influence which has been hitherto tight closed? Why should there not also come flying back into the Roman church a boomerang of revolt? The Catholic Labor Union announces as one of its purposes the combating of Socialism. But how long will it be before Socialism has captured this Union and turned it against Catholicism? The papal hierachy has found ignorance its most potent safeguard for lo, these many centuries. Is it not rather dangerous, at this late day, to acquaint its members with such infectious activities as those of trades union organization. We are inclined to think that Dr. D. L. Ritchie is right when he forecasts in *The Congregationalist* that the Catholic Labor Union may "quickly become the instrument of another reformation."

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Dr. William L. Sullivan, in his letter announcing his resignation as minister of All Souls Church (Unitarian), New York, gives some startling facts and makes some startling observations about the present plight of the Protestant churches of America. "If the present decline continues," he says, "the Borough of the Bronx will have a smaller proportionate membership in Protestant churches than the island of Ceylon; and in thirty years the Protestant church membership of Greater New York will be only between five and ten per cent of the population." Looking "upon the country as a whole," he finds reason for stating "the possibility that this nation will abandon Christianity." This testimony, which Dr. Sullivan cites, from the experience of the Unitarian Layman's League, only confirms what every honest and reliable observer knows to be true of the condition of Protestantism today. The so-called religious revival is a myth. There are no signs of revival, but only of increasing prostration. And the reason? We wonder if the experience of a Congregational church in Columbus, Ohio, sheds any light upon this question! Making a canvass of new additions to its neighborhood, it found only nine families wihch would support a denominational church *of any kind.* The majority wanted *an undenominational democratic community church!* It is interesting to note that this Congregational Church in due season changed itself into a community church, and is now thriving.

## How It Looks at Seventy

The bit of personal revelation in the "Intermezzo" by the Editor of UNITY moves one of the Fellowship to the same line of thought. Some one has said that one feels older at forty than at fifty because "forty is the old age of youth and fifty the youth of old age." If that be true and if Dr. Smith and other veterans of the medical profession are right in claiming for each human being who has a decent inheritance and lives wisely, one hundred years, and at least ninety years of useful activity, then at seventy one should enter upon the youthful period of old age. How does life look from that angle?

One at forty or fifty need have, it would seem, no fear of "hardening of mental arteries," no doubt of power of reaction to all that carries the world onward. At seventy—it depends!

The scheme of life, we are told, of the Brahmin is threefold; the first period of youth for learning, the second period of middle life for rearing a family to continue the generations and the third of later maturity, after the children are grown, for meditation and solitary development as a soul bound for higher translations.

In the western world no set period is given of purpose to the individual development of the spiritual life. Happy is that man or woman who in our rushing life gets a few minutes now and then for quiet thought and for intensive listening to the Voice Within.

And doubtless the church has its highest function in offering what Thoreau called a "cave to think in." And youth is often too busy for church-going. How about the youthfulness of those whom some call old? That, rather than other questions seems the burden of the "Intermezzo" to which reference has been made. Is the ability to welcome and use "new things" the real test of the continuing growth of a life past its meridian? Or is it rather the ability to welcome and to use real things, whether new or old, and in right relation to actual life?

Let us suppose the latter the vital test, then what

constitutes a growing life to the end of conscious effort?

Youth, eager, responsive to all noble ambitions and touched by all noble dissatisfactions with what is, makes its plan for what should be on a strictly logical basis. His rejected Evil is wholly evil, his chosen Good without a flaw. Children are all Calvinists, and youth, for the most part, separates its ideas of good and bad as the sheep and goats within its mind. Well that it is so. The law of growth in life is so far from logical, so operative by inconsistent fluctuations, that it is of the greatest social use for each fresh generation of reformers to hew to the line and express that intolerance of compromise which helps the struggling moral sense to clarify the issues of each new day.

In middle life, if the individual worker for better things is not merely a prophesier but has become an actual agent for the realization of his ideal in practical achievement, he suffers many a disillusion; not in respect to his ideal but in respect to the ease of working it into the body politic or the compelling purpose of the social mind. That is the time of danger and how many lose heart and hope and fall weakly by the way when they first learn that to state the truth with power is not enough to insure its acceptance. That one should set himself with courage and faith to the long, slow, processes of actual change of the social order after he has learned how difficult that is, is to be indeed a hero. A hero of the actualization of the ideal even though he dies with the promised land hardly in sight.

In later life comes to many, and should to all, another gift. Not alone the vision of youth never lost and always dear—not only the strength of open-eyed effort to achieve so much of the ideal, even its very least atom, as the times and the conditions allow and not lose heart that it is so little—but also the interpretative and harmonizing spirit of those who see beyond the personal ideal and vision and far beyond the personal achievement, even of the saviours of the race, the upward march of all mankind. Not alone the leaders of that march, not alone those who will and know the upward way, but all who feel the undercurrent pressure "toward the better ever onward toward the best." This pressure they feel who fondly imagine they are holding all life to the outgrown patterns and they prove its power by their unconscious response. Another gift of insight they may have who grow old in the spirit of youth. It is the gift of seeing in one picture those who have come a long way up the path of progress and those who have but just entered upon it. The harsh judgments of youth, so tonic and useful, that measure moral actions by their exact position in ethical perception, judgment so tonic and useful that youth without that element misses its own gift to human progress, ceases to serve in the youth of old age for purposes of just discrimination. In later life may come the wisdom of understanding those from whom one differs, the gift of seeing the helpful interrelations of newer and older "mores" in normal human development and the glad recognition that even defective moral vision, holding back needed changes, may be used by the powers that balance our complex life to hold its course steady in chaos of change. These gifts may add patience and love, sweetness and light to the zeal of the reformer and yet not dull his ardor for the next morning hour of progress.

Not the old then because it is old, nor the new because it is new; not the few who will hold no parley with that which to them is evil or the many who cling to what they have inherited lest they lose life's best treasures; not to those who call aloud in the market place, "Behold the coming of the Lord!" or those who sit at the fireside and cherish their own only; not on or to any one manifestation of the Life in which we have our being can the old, with the spirit of youth, fibre their faith and trust.

In all the struggling, mistaken, weary, selfish, cowardly, alike as in all the brave, heroic, unselfish and lovely, is manifestation of that Life which makes for righteousness; a manifestation that makes "no good thing failure, no evil thing success."

In that they must trust who have tested the real things of life in the real world of effort nor lost hope in the Onward Way for all.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

## Ireland's Opportunity

It is curious how opinion is made, how people accept and cherish notions of burning economic and political questions without taking care to survey the data of both sides. Some time ago a well-known sociologist said that he had not bothered much about Home Rule, for he was "not interested in petty religious squabbles." The large question of freedom for which the vast majority of the people of Ireland had, in ten general elections, petitioned Parliament, was a matter of little significance to him. He was, moreover, under the impression that the British Government had been exceedingly gracious in assisting the Irish peasant to become his own landlord. Here are two instances of the curiosities of opinion that might have been treated with excellent humor by the elder Disraeli; the religious question and the land question; the former a "petty sectarian squabble," the latter "graciously settled" by the British Government. How many people have rather impatiently put the question of Home Rule, in the large sense, away from them, because they have heard so much about the medieval bickerings of the sectarians? And what numbers of men in our

universities imagine the Wyndham Land Act of 1903 solved the Irish land question? It is curious how opinion is made, and it is also curious how little will suffice to destroy an opinion. The sociologist in question was persuaded to study the Irish problem, because he came across the following quotation, from an article, in the *Contemporary Review* for January, 1880, written by Professor John Stuart Blackie:

> "Among the many acts of baseness branding the English character in their blundering pretence of governing Ireland, not the least was the practice of confiscating the land, which, by Brehon laws, belonged to the people, and giving it not to honest resident cultivators (which might have been a politic sort of theft) but to cliques of greedy and grasping oligarchs which did nothing for the country they had appropriated, but suck its blood in the name of rent and squander its resources under the name of pleasure and fashion, and courtliness in London."

It is high time professors of political economy, of sociology, and of political science, took another look at the Irish question, for it is by no means a local one; it is universal. It is the question that lies at the bottom of every phase of political, industrial, and social unrest, and, as Henry George said: "No matter what the Irish leaders do, or do not do, it is too late to settle permanently the question on any basis short of the recognition of equal rights." The last phase of the Irish question has been fought out on a political issue, but, now that the British Government have vacated Dublin Castle, it should not be assumed that the Irish people are free; indeed it is possible for the Irish people to suffer quite as severe economic hardship under an Irish Government and Irish landlords, as that they suffered under the British Government and absentee landlords. After all, it is not strange that in the case of Ireland we should see her saviours attack the political problem first, and forget, perhaps for the time being, the importance of the economic one; surely the young champions of Ireland's freedom cannot believe they have won a signal and complete victory in wresting a grant of political Home Rule from the British Government. What is won is a mere beginning; a chance given to make Ireland free. There is no case in history of such suffering as that the Irish people endured under landlordism, and indeed there is no record of a struggle of a subject people against tyranny which reveals so clearly the fundamental question at issue.

Until the passing of George Wyndham's Land Purchase Act, it was scarcely possible for an honest student of Irish affairs to be misled by the Belfast religious quarrel or by any of the bureaucratic land acts, at best palliatives which seldom eased the strain of landlordism. During the last century the economic aspect of the Irish question was constantly kept in view. It was at no time subordinated to the local religious bickerings of Ulster factions. Scarcely a session of Parliament passed without the press and platforms of the country discussing in the liveliest manner the pros and cons of the Irish land question.

Some of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century were occupied with the problems arising out of the evils of her land system. Lord John Russell said: "We have made it the most degraded and miserable country in the world." Matthew Arnold went straight to the seat of the trouble when he said: "The most serious and clear minded of the exponents of liberal ideas, talks sometimes as if a good land bill would settle everything. It will not, and it is deceiving ourselves to hope that it will. This can be brought about only by doing perfect justice to Ireland on no one particular matter only, but in all the matters where she has suffered great wrong." John Stuart Mill, in the House of Commons, denounced the acts of the British Government, and showed quite plainly that Irish aspirations were "in the main stream of human existence and opinion." Then Richard Cobden, who was not in sympathy with O'Connell and the Irish movements of the day, saw clearly enough what was wrong with that unhappy country. He said: "The great obstacle to all progress, both in Ireland and in England, is the landlord spirit which is dominant in political and social life. It is this spirit which prevents our dealing with the question of the tenure of land. The feudal system, as now maintained in Ireland, is totally unsuited to the state of the country. In fact, the feudal policy is not carried out, for that would imply a responsibility on the part of the proprietor to keep and employ the people, whereas he is possibly living in Paris, whilst his agent is driving the peasantry from his estate and perhaps burning their cabins." In his letters to George Combe, Cobden says if he had his way, "there would be no more absentee proprietors drawing large rentals from Ireland," and he realized that "almost every crime and outrage in Ireland is connected with the occupation or ownership of land."

It was, however, the man who founded the Land League, Michael Davitt, who held the right idea of how to solve the land problem. Davitt was probably the greatest force in the Irish movement. He was undoubtedly its clearest thinker. The Irish question to him was neither political nor religious. He did not waste his time squabbling about the merits of the Pope versus those of William of Orange, nor did he fritter away valuable time discussing the precise form of political Home Rule the British Government might grant. Davitt was a political economist who knew that the cause of Ireland's sufferings was land monopoly, and he bent the whole of his energies in bringing this fact home to his own people. He was not only an agitator of the highest type, he was an educator of inestimable value; one that began with

fundamentals; a rare kind of schoolmaster. No one was so conscious as he of the necessity of educating his own people. He knew that the road to culture lay through the fields of education, and the desire to bring culture and refinement to the people of his race burned in him fiercely to the end of his life. He, however, knew how utterly futile it was to educate a people in fetters. No man connected with the Irish movement possessed the courage of Davitt; he told his people that fetters were fetters, no matter who clamped them on, no matter who wore them, that the fetters of land monopoly would be just as hard to bear when fastened by Irish landlords. If the Irish people had given to Davitt's principles one-half the energy they gave to the agitations demanding land purchase acts, most of her troubles would be at an end. He said: "Peasant proprietorship is simply landlordism in another form. The two systems of land tenure are in essence identical, and for that reason, if for no other, a remedy for social ills traceable to landlordism need not be looked for in the direction of peasant proprietary." To this statement of economic fact, his associates of the Irish movement turned a deaf ear, and when he said: "I would abolish land monopoly by simply taxing all land, exclusive of improvements, up to its full value," they worked all the harder for peasant proprietorship.

It is rather soon for the enthusiasts who have worked for the measure of political freedom for Ireland to throw their hats in the air and shout: "Ireland's troubles are over." I am rather of the opinion that Ireland's troubles are just beginning. Fifty years ago Ireland was held in large part by a few great landlords. During the past twenty years, the land has been rapidly passing into the hands of numbers of small proprietors. Why the Irish landlord who cultivates his own farm, should be regarded as an economic blessing is not clear to me. Consider his brother over in France. There are more than six and one-half millions of peasant proprietors in that country. They are the most inveterate set of Tories the world has ever seen. They hold the Government in their palms; they shirk taxation, block reform, and wink at the system of nepotism and corruption which is the chief feature of French politics. They have stood in the way of French economic and political progress ever since the fall of Napoleon. The landlordism which exists in France is no less baleful in its consequences than that which existed before the revolution; it may differ in degree but not in principle. The new Irish Government should take the lesson of France to heart and lose no time about it. If Mr. Collins and his associates really mean business when they talk about freedom and liberty, they must take up the work of land reform where Michael Davitt left it. Thomas Paine, speaking in the National Assembly at Paris, warned the politicians of the time that they would disinterit their heirs if they did not appropriate the economic rent of the land of France. They did not take his advice. They were too busy with politics, with titles, with scaffolds, with orations, and all the other trappings and paraphernalia of the political revolution. The vital matter was overlooked, the fundamental disregarded. Will history repeat itself again? It is worth thinking about what happened to the French revolution; it is worth keeping in mind the effect of peasant proprietorship in France. The new Irish Government should proceed at once with the economic problem if the people of Ireland are to know what freedom really is. FRANCIS NEILSON.

## Comment

A reviewer of Professor E. R. Turner's "Europe Since 1870" groups together in a single class the following men—Déroulède, Barrès, Lord Roberts, Cramb, Maude, Lea, Crispi, Pobiedonostsev, Von Plehve, Roosevelt, Mahan, and Maxim. What single category unites these Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians and Americans? That of the advocacy of Machtpolitik, militarism, national superiority, force, and terrorism. These men are the Bernhardis, the Treitschkes, the Von Hindenburgs of their respective countries! This is a sound historic judgment, which we wish was more common and more popular.

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We rejoice to see that Gorki's great book, "Mother," has just been republished. We always classify this book with Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvie" and Alexander Irvine's "My Lady of the Chimney Corner." To these should be added, perhaps, Cowper's "Lines on Receipt of My Mother's Picture." What works of filial devotion these are! And what mothers there have been in the world!

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T. L. Masson, the Editor of *Life*, raises his voice in protest against anthologies. That there are too many of them these days, we agree; but we flatly disagree that anthologies are in themselves a nuisance and a betrayal of literary standards and ideals. On the contrary, we have to confess that anthologies—of poetry, at least—are one of the chief joys of our life. We fell in love with Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" when we were in high school, and have been in love with it ever since. In more recent years we have added to it its companion volumes, Dixon and Grierson's "The English Parnassus" and Leonard's "The Pageant of English Poetry." The Elizabethan "Song Books" are a thing of beauty and thus a joy forever. Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse" is too large and shows extraordinary eccentricities of taste, but is invaluable all the same. Louis Untermeyer's "Mod-

ern British Poetry" and "Modern American Poetry" (revised edition) should be in every library. Last year, on a five weeks' speaking tour, we took with us one of the most precious little books that ever came off the printing press—"The Gypsy Trail," an anthology of out-door life—and it served as manna during all the period of wandering. As for the numerous War Anthologies, they are about the only things the Great War brought us that enriched our life. Mr. Masson's protest could not have been serious; or, if so, it is grievously mistaken.

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Ten great war books that every one should read! What are they? We nominate the following:

"The True Grandeur of Nations"—Charles Sumner.
"The Future of War"—Jean de Bloch.
"The Blood of the Nations"—David Starr Jordan.
"The Great Illusion"—Norman Angell.
"The Biology of War"—G. F. Nicolai.
"Now It Can Be Told"—Phillip Gibbs.
"The Fruits of Victory"—Norman Angell.
"The Next War"—Will Irwin.
"The Folly of Nations"—Frederick Palmer.
"Clerambault"—Romain Rolland.

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What is the mystery of personality? The great Chaliapine reveals but does not explain it. Gifted with an Olympic stature, an incomparable voice, a supreme mastery of the dramatic art, his crowning endowment is a power of personality which controls an audience like a magician's spell. And yet there are those who doubt the spiritual in man, and would explain him as a mere machine!

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What is the significance in the fact that the great powers of the world are symbolized by such loathsome beasts or birds? England is represented as a lion, a majestic animal in appearance, but known chiefly in the Psalmist's word as one "greedy of his prey." America flaunts the eagle, a savage bird, singing no song, bearing no lovely feathers, doing no good. France is represented as a cock, whose chief exploit is to climb the dung-hill and crow. Russia is a bear, cunning, brutish and terrible. If these creatures have any single quality in common it is their strength and pugnacity. They are all great fighters! Think of this long enough, and perhaps we will see why they were chosen as symbols of the nations!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

## New Hells for Old or the Moral Equivalent for Hell

I have in my library a little book entitled, "The Christian View of Hell." It is published by the Rationalist Press Association of London, and written by the daughter of that famous Secularist, Charles Bradlaugh.

Profusely illustrated with blood-curdling pictures, wood-cuts, dating from the early Christian fathers up to, and including, the 16th century, pictures used well into the 19th if not the 20th century, it makes a gruesome, terrible story. It seems utterly incredible that anyone of normal intelligence should ever have believed such things, or that they still do so.

Nearly 2,000 years ago Cicero derided the whole business of Hell. He said:

> What old woman is so stupid now as to tremble at those tales of hell which were once so firmly believed?

Nowadays there is a notable decline in the belief in Hell as a place of punishment for evil-doers. There is a rather frigid silence concerning it. It is not affirmed. It is not denied. It is neglected so that it may starve to death. But what is taking its place in the average pulpit?

It is a most interesting fact that when preachers have given up the crude, gross belief in Hell, they have either tried to keep that information from the people, or find a substitute.

In the book to which I have referred Mrs. Bonner tells of Thomas Burnet, an English divine of the 17th century who in a Latin treatise opposed the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. He wrote words to his colleagues to the effect that whether they believed in the eternity of punishment or not, they must still use the common language concerning it, especially when they speak to "the lower ranks who are ready to run headlong into vice and are to be restrained from evil by fear of punishment."

We also read of Rev. J. Francis, who, preaching against the English Chartists, expressed the opinion that a firm belief in a "hell where the wicked shall be eternally tormented was a certain safeguard against political agitation."

And but 60 years ago, so great a Rationalist as Herbert Spencer in his First Principles says:

> Even now, for the great mass of men, unable through lack of culture to trace out with due clearness those good and bad consequences which conduct brings round through the established order of the Unknowable, it is needful that there should be vividly depicted future torments and future joys—pains and pleasures of a definite kind, produced in a manner direct and simple enough to be clearly imagined. Nay, still more must be conceded. Few if any are as yet fitted wholly to dispense with such conceptions as are current.

In other words, Mr. Spencer thought that from a point of social safety it was too soon to drop a belief in Hell for the masses. Prof. Bury in his "History of Freedom of Thought" says "That theology has been regarded as a good instrument for keeping the poor in order, free thought has been peculiarly indecent in the poor," and he goes on to relate a story from Mr. Frederic Harrison to the effect that the master of an Essex workhouse was once called in to act as chaplain to a dying pauper. The poor soul faintly murmured some hopes of heaven. But this the master abruptly cut short and warned him to turn his last thoughts towards hell." "And thankful you ought to be," said he, "that you have a hell to go to."

Robert Burns, you remember, spoke of "The fear of hell, the hangman's whip to keep the wretch in order."

But the verdict of history is that, neither the fear of hell, nor the hangman's whip have sufficed to keep the wretches in order. Witness the world-madness of 1914-1918. The wretches are not in good order. The world is not scared any more. What will put the world in order?

No longer can the most orthodox preach gripping

hell sermons like the famous classical one delivered by Jonathan Edwards, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." Even Billy Sunday with all his heroics cannot do that.

And, granting some sort of post-mortem heaven, I do not believe that the most orthodox will unblushingly confess that they are going to enjoy it the more because they will have the felicity of seeing others writhing in torture. That stage is irrevocably past; and any conception of God associated with that kind of thinking must go too.

But what is there to preach? What is the substitute? What is there that can now be preached with all the definiteness, force and power of the old theme. What is there with a similar note of urgency? What can now beget in us the note of passion, of earnestness, of immediacy?

A man once said in a discussion following some utterances of mine on modern views of hell, "Well! if there is no hell, what is the use of being saved?"

We must frankly admit that Hell was the greatest, most appealing asset the church ever had. It was the best shot in the locker. Now it is no more. What shall we do? What shall we substitute? Or, like Othello, do we find our occupation gone? Let us look well into the matter.

It has become a fundamental axiom of present day educational methods to supply new motives, new objects for old. William James, of course, stands out in this category with his famous essay, "The Moral Equivalent of War." Other modern writers have pressed home a similar principle in other spheres in books with such titles as "New Worlds for Old," "New Wars for Old," "New Schools for Old," etc.; and following their lead I would like to suggest to you "New Hells for Old."

All the foregoing titles are based on the assumption that human nature is pretty much the same. That human nature is made up of energies, motives, interests. That these things must have outlets, expression, that they must go somewhere; that they are still susceptible to appeal.

But here I pause before going on to the constructive side to say: First, that as a motive-power towards truth, virtue and righteousness has not the old Hell appeal been vastly over-rated? And this in spite of the fact that it was a most logical, practical, business-like offer. On the face of it, anyone hearing of the conditions was a supreme fool not to close with the offer at once. What was it? Why! simply this, so far as it had to do with Hell. Men had to believe certain things, incredible though they might seem; do certain things, irksome though they might be for a short time down here. So doing they would gain an eternity of immunity from a material hell, and participate in an eternity of happiness in a material heaven. Its power was that it seemed to deal with real, definite values, values most vividly and dramatically portrayed. It was, in spite of its efficacy being over-rated, a great factor. Moreover, it worked both ways. In the official biography of Ingersoll, we are told how, as a young man he heard a vigorous, old-fashioned sermon on Hell. It made a great impression on him, the very opposite to that desired by the preacher. There and then Ingersoll resolved to fight such a monstrous thing to the last ditch. It made him hate Hell with such a hatred that he once said that even though there was a heaven he would be willing to give up his chance of it, if so doing it would close Hell.

Let it be noted the old Hell appeal did not make men really good or virtuous. It made them prudential, selfish, calculating, sometimes hypocritical. It made the tempting offer of salvation at 11:59 on the clock of human life. Many, I freely admit, held a belief in it, and yet lived noble and beautiful lives. But they were good and virtuous not because of Hell, but in spite of it. They were what they were by virtue of their inherent manhood and divinity. My whole point here is this: that if the threat of Hell would have sayed the world, then the world should have been in a much better condition than it is today. But again, I ask what is the substitute?

What are some of the modern substitutes?

Mrs. Eddy in her glossary to Science and Health gives what she styles as the spiritual meaning of Hell. There is in it no reference to the hereafter. And as several synonyms used for Hell such as lust, sickness, death have to do with a material body which does not exist, she cannot be said to have a Hell worth while. Theosophy, as we know, postulates an indefinite series of re-incarnations in which each one of us will reap what we have sown. But after we have made the most of these, it would be a violation of language to say that any of them, or all of them, have the grip of the Old Hell idea.

No! rather we must look in another direction for our Moral Equivalent for Hell; and I believe we must be guided somewhat in our method by the Old-Hellites. We must seek what was strong in the old appeal, and, as the psycho-analysts say "sublimate" it. Most positively, the Moral Equivalent for Hell must not make it easier to do wrong. It must not soften or tone down such things as were justly condemned by the older race of preachers. Sin as a theological phantom and figment may be dismissed; but injustice, ignorance, hate, greed, indifference, calculating selfishness, impurity and ethical infidelity are here, very much here, and they make Hell. Actually life is just as serious, its obligations quite as binding as it was under the old regime; certainly it is far more complex —and I am not in favor of anything which will water down and dilute religion until there is in it no fibre, no moral struggle, no agonizing to enter in at the straight gate which leads to the abundant life.

All the Hells of the past have been inseparably bound up with a life beyond the grave. Even that, today, is problematical to many sincere minds. It can not be a matter of knowledge through ordinary channels; therefore the motive to right conduct must be decisively shifted from a basis of future rewards and punishment to the here and now. Is there nothing to do in THIS world which carries its own appeal? "Have I done something for the general interest? Well then, I have my reward." So says Marcus Aurelius. If this world is all—I personally, do not believe it is—let us remember it is ALL NOW.

Can we not find incentive enough here? Are there not hells enough to go on with? Matthew Arnold enjoins us not to "feign a bliss of doubtful future date," neither need we feign hells of the same type.

I need not labor the point surely that the abolition of the Hell beyond has not mitigated, nay, it has rather intensified the hells of the now. It has thrown double work on us. Every broken law brings its own hell, either for ourselves or someone else. It may be physi-

cal, it may be mental, it may be spiritual. It may be a social, industrial or economic hell. It may be a marriage or a family hell. If we want to really face the hell question we have no need to import it. It is here. It is a home product. It is indigenous to the human soil. It is here.

The Moral Equivalent for the Hell of the unseen, said to have been created by God, managed by the devil, and peopled with human souls is the Hell created here by man, run by man, and peopled by humanity. Whatever our speculations we have got to make this world as important as though it were the only one. The Moral Equivalent for Hell IS NOT in saying it does not exist yonder, or by a prudent silence; but saying it does exist HERE; and our job is not to rescue brands from the burning, but to put out the fire HERE.

How? What motive? By the method of education, and the creation of motives. What? Education? Yes. The real education of men and women. Educating the reason, the heart, the will, the motive, the conduct; education in human relations. Real education, not merely academic education; but the educing, the drawing forth from people the good that undoubtedly is in them.

But that will take time! Of course it will. Salvation is a far harder job than we thought. It is not a five-minute task or a piece of 11:59 mumbo-jumbo. It is perfectly true that it will take a long time, therefore the sooner we set about it with all our undivided powers the better.

We have here on this earth a more intelligent cause, a better cause, a more concrete cause than had any of the fanatical revivalists who dandled their hearers over the brink of hell, and held them there by theological phrases. And the very fact that all intelligent people have sent Hell to the discard is evidence that they are ripe for a more ethical appeal. Many, however, are still hampered by the past and its traditions. E. G. One says what of all the toughs, the hooligans, the bandits, the thugs, the grafters, the murderers, thieves and profiteers! What is your New Hell idea, and the method of Education going to do for them? I shall answer that first, by saying, what has the Old Hell idea done, what is it doing to restrain them in their anti-social courses? What effect has it on them today? None. I shall frankly confess that the method of education I have suggested in any of these fields is slower, harder, more thorough just because it IS MORAL, ETHICAL. It is NOT theological. It is inseparable from human life and conduct here. The Brahmanic scripture says: "He who neglects to perform the duties of this life is not fit for this world, much less for any higher world."

But there comes another objection, a most pestilent, selfish one. It, too, is a relic of the old prudentialism. A man says what interest is it of mine to do good, to be righteous or virtuous beyond a certain, safe, conventional point, for you have taken away the fear of the hereafter? Nay, I reply, I have done nothing of the sort. I am not an authority on the hereafter. I know about as much or as little as anyone on that subject, viz.: nothing. I am concerned with the here and now which I do know. To such an objector I should most earnestly try to bring a sense of shame at his smugness, his complacency, his mercenary, calculating goodness. THAT would be a part of the process of education. It might fail. True, but that would be no reflection on the method; it would be the handicap of the old method which had hardened his heart to the finer appeal.

The appeal of the Old Hell was to enlightened, personal self-interest, concerning a conjectural hell, hereafter.

The appeal of the Moral Equivalent for Hell is based on human experience, the inevitable results, and the sense of right in man here. And right here another question may be asked, although we have not time to answer it fully at the moment.

Why do people do right? Custom, growth, social development; but more, is there not in man a sense of right in and for itself? The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. The Moral Equivalent for Hell must appeal to this divine sense of right; it must make it easier, more attractive, more desirable to do right for its own sake. Its task, supreme and God-like, will be to arouse hearts that want to do right for its own sake, for the sake of humanity. For what, after all, is the supreme end of religion? Is it not an ethical, moral one as our Ethical friends say? Is it not as Felix Adler says, "to make of the world a spiritual home"? Similarly, in the Moral Equivalent of Hell, the supreme end of religion is to be considered and taught as ethical obligations which exist between two or more moral beings in social relationships.

"New lamps for Old!" said the tempting crier in the old story of Aladdin.

"New Hells for Old" say we. Here for yonder. Earth for Heaven. Crusades for Crowns. Human honesty instead of harps. Clean streets and clean-living people instead of fanciful streets of gold and pearly gates.

Hell Fires! Here they are. Fires of passion, poverty, prostitution, pain and poisonous lies. Put them out.

Hell Fires! Here they are. Fires of war, waste, want, woe and wanton wickedness. Put them out.

Hell Fires! Here they are. Fires of ignorance, injustice, injuries, idiocy and indifference. Put them out.

Hell Fires! Here they are. Fires of greed, grab, graft, grim and gloating. Put them out.

Hell Fires! Here they are. Fires of hatred, hunger, humbug, hypocrisy and hysteria. Put them out.

Hell Fires! Here they are. Fires of superstition, slavery, shams, sycophancy, swinish sensuality and slums. Put them out. Everyone of them burning or smouldering in this city this very day. Our job is to put them out. Extinguish them, choke them, stifle them, smother them. Hell IS, and worse than we thought. It is nearer than we thought. It is in our midst. Not there. It is here.

To say that because our sense of humanity has been obliged to shelve Hell distant, Hell conjectural, is not to blind us to the Hell near. OUR Hell. No motive left! Nothing left to preach! Nothing to be passionate about. Look around, look anywhere on the broad earth, look in the newspaper, and look within; and then, in the name of God, lend a hand. Yes! lend a hand for the sake of humanity, and its home.

And so doing, let us remember that, incidentally, if we clean up this earth, put out the fires, remove or destroy its hells, there cannot possibly be any emigrants for the speculative Hell manufactured out of race-long fears, and ancient theological guesses. So doing let us remember that incidentally, as we remove these world

nightmares we are also laying the stones, building the temple of a great human commonwealth, the Kingdom of God here. "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done ON EARTH." So doing, we shall find that as we have been obliged to transfer Hell to this earth as a grim fact, by our united effort of brain and heart, we shall also be able to transfer Heaven to this earth as a glorious reality.

*—Henry J. Adlard.*
*First Unitarian Church, Duluth, Minn.*

## Out of the Pit: Two Papers

### I—The World of Terror.

The world wears aspects of terror. Fierce storm clouds break, as if in wrath, with thunder and bolts of fire, devastating the fields and consuming the habitations of man.

There is a terror of solitude in the wilderness and among the mountains. We look out over a grey ocean piling its waves on the rocks. The wreckage of boats lies bleached along the shore. There is no mercy in the ugly breakers: there is no staying of the menacing hurricane: no prayers ever over-topped the voices of the sea. The lonely bell wailing through the darkness only deepens the chill at your heart. Unnumbered ships have gone down into the depths.

A strange awe is not far from your wonder, and mixes itself with your joy, in watching the stars. What power marshals them in order throughout their majestic spaces? Is no life astir anywhere among their glittering multitudes? What manner of life, pray, might it be?

There is a terror of winter cold and a terror of heat in the blaze of tropical suns: a little more or a little less, and all living things must freeze or shrivel away.

There is a terror of overflowing lava, or earthquakes, of suffocating gases and of ashes burying cities. There is an ancestral terror of giant animals and serpents, of the unseen and the darkness and the bottomless depths of swamps.

There is a terror of poisons and hideous plagues sweeping away the lives of men, of microbes and infinitesimal pests, and of lawful forces of nature locked up in the atoms.

There is a terror of mystery and the terror of death. Is there no terror of black darkness forever beyond?

There is that in man which looks on at these terrors unabashed, like a Master. Life, the victorious, encircled with perils, still travels its narrow highway, beaten back, tormented, falling, renewing itself in ever fresh tides. Whence, and whither, and why? God only knows!

There are worse terrors yet—the terrors of dangerous men—of savage raids and blazing towns and wholesale murder, of strange tongues and customs and blood-curdling superstitions, of the cruelties of man to man, of victims bound to crosses or buried alive, or burned at the stake, of inquisition chambers of torture, of the unbridled rage of the despot, the rush of the mob to a lynching, the recklessness of domineering majorities, the injustice of man-made laws, of spies and manacles and filthy dungeons, of the implacable severity and vengeful punishments of self-righteous Pharisees and arrogant courts. Stories of horror blacken the pages of history.

"Civilized warfare" is the crowning terror of all. No taint of hatred or malice ever lurked in the Alpine heights or ocean depths. No purpose to do evil was in the pestilence or the rattlesnake's fang. No sting of enmity dwells in death. But man is the enemy of man. Nation makes deliberate war upon nation. Christians outdo heathen in the art of destroying one another. Governments for the people tear down the barriers of law, erected to protect the people, and open the gates for the floods of crime. In the name of right, they commit every injustice to the innocent: in the name of liberty they make their people slaves. In the name of religion they crowd the minds of men with lies, and fill the world with despair. Gentle women cheer the marching legions to battle and sacrifice their sons to Moloch; mothers, grown heartless, raise inexorable cries for revenge. Universities find no higher wisdom than to train their youth to kill. Churchmen picture the image of their Christ, foremost on the ramparts with polished bayonet to run through the bodies of his foes! The terror of man surpasses the terrors of nature. Is this the work of the free will of man? Is it some horrid fate, or terrible, infinite Satan?

Nevertheless, there is that in man, at his best, some marvelous power of resistance, an ineradicable spark of a new form of life, which survives undeterred in the face of all the terrors of the world, unafraid of what man can do at his worst. A good spirit lives on in men's hearts: faith in goodness cannot die: the love of truth keeps hope warm in their hearts: friendship lays up its treasures of beautiful deeds: mercy and love heal desperate wounds, and sing cheerful songs to the last. There is something in man at his best that keeps terror at bay.

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### II—The World of Beauty.

We know nothing more surely than the beauty around us. Science holds no more indisputable fact. Doubt as you please, call the world a fleeting show and all things vanity; you turn again for rest and refreshment to the realm of the beautiful. Nothing is more real.

The Master of life paints every day myriads of pictures—snow-topped Alps, Fujiyama, Mount Shasta, seen far away like a cloud; lovely, peaceful pictures—Swiss valleys, New England countrysides on June days, once looked upon and remembered forever; serene pictures, where the sea smiles sunlit and summer breezes fleck and color its bosom: pictures of glory where rainbows win out after storm and the massed clouds break into splendor.

There is no end to the procession of wonderful pictures—boundless prairies and waving fields of wheat, orchards in blossom or bending under their burden of fruitage, autumn forests of maples and oaks and primeval groves of cedar, rippling streams and waterfalls, the perennial flow of Niagara, the mighty St. Lawrence surging over the last rocky barricade vainly holding its waters from their irresistible march to the sea.

The desert makes pictures of beauty—vast spaces of golden light, distant mountain ranges, an infinite arch of sky; then deep canyons and painted rocks: Yosemite set like a gem in the heart of the hills, filled with the music of waters.

There are pictures of early terrors, tamed at last—old lava beds, green now with ripening fruit; outworn volcanoes covered with groves, the once frightful crater and lake of fire at play with swirling waves, the worship of blood and fear changed to the new worship of gladness and wonder.

There are kaleidoscopic pictures painted by the touch of the changing sunlight—no words can describe them; we hang them away in the dim galleries of memory—and pictures of moonlight and starlight, the splendor of winter nights, the miracle of the dancing Aurora.

They say that nothing in the world corresponds to these innumerable pictures. The light-waves make them: our senses make them. No matter: the beauty is there: the beauty, not the paint, is the truth of the picture. Some Power or Mind, or Life, beauty-loving, assures the fact of the beauty. What care we who bears our friend's message of love, if only the message reaches us? What if the rose it not red? Yet I see it red. It has no smell, but I get the fragrance.

There is a beauty apart from pictures and color. Who can tell the beauty of order, commanding the crude stuff of chaos into figures, construction, proportions, symmetry, harmonies and the motions and processions of life. A will, a guiding thought, a compelling purpose and binding laws, unseen atoms in infinite myriads, dancing together to obey, shining seas and clustering planets, soaring in majestic spheres, every moving object seeking to enter the realm of rhythm and music.

But order and music and beauty, the gravitating sway of law, rhythmic waves of light or sound, ten thousand sunsets and summer fields of flowers, rippling waterfalls and singing birds, the grace of the startled deer, the motionless flight of eagles—are nothing but so many parables of the beauty of the spirit, supreme everywhere,—the reality dwelling in man.

There lives, incarnate in man, a spirit of art, painting a new order of pictures, transcending color and form with feeling and tenderness, moving men's souls to put away selfishness, to aspire after and worship an infinite Beauty. The spirit of art flows into the timber walls of a cottage and floods chambers of peace with sweetness and light; it rears cathedrals through whose lofty arches and spaces the mystic Presence, dimly felt in ancient forests and mountains, broods like the heart of a mother watching over her children. The spirit of art moves the waves of sound to its bidding and builds temples of melody. The beauty of art moulds the plastic clay to its will, graves itself in marble, melts bronze into speaking life, and sets forth the human form divine—the faces of heroes and statesmen and martyrs, the mother and child, the smiles of true love, the last farewell, the eternal hope. The spirit of art moulds every language of man into song, creates Bibles, fills the world with treasured inspiration, wisdom, poetry.

Man does these things, but never man without God. The immortal Beauty, the invisible Light of the world possesses his thought, touches the springs of his life, direct his fingers, sets innumerable lessons about him, makes him her servant, her child, her comrade, her fellow craftsman.

But Beauty is never alone—there are three, the real and mystic Trinity,—before whom every soul of man instinctively bows and never doubts, without whom he could not be a man—the True, the Good, the Beautiful, never existent apart, three and yet one, in our nature compact as in the Creative Life of the universe, to obey whom is joy and peace, whom to love is life eternal.

There is beauty in and behind contrast and darkness. Shall we dare to say it? There is no art without contrast and spaces of darkness—no art without a suggestion of terror and haunting fear. The great painters have mixed blood and tears in their colors: lines of costly sorrow and strain mark the august faces of heroes and lovers of men, and deepen the sweetness of every good mother's smile. What literature, what romance, what poetry, what folk-song, what drama has man ever cared for, where this austere, mysterious, necessary note of contrast and darkness was missing, where victorious goodness and love had not walked through scenes of fierce alarm and peril, faced cruel crosses, passed and shunned ugly abysses, and bravely paid the price for learning wisdom and tasting the experience of the beauty of God.

The contrast of darkness and light is wrapped up in the depths of our nature. But the Power of the Spirit of Beauty transcends the terrible things, composes the darkness into the unity and makes chaos its quarry, out of which to build worlds of joyous life. The artist does this; man at his best,—the threefold spiritual unity in him—works this miracle, transmuting every experience into the Beauty of the Good Life. Yes! The spirit of Beauty transcends all the terrible things and the horrid figures of darkness. What if the quest of the life everlasting is but to see this truth in its wholeness, when man shall look from above and see as the Great Artist meant him to see, and thus to share in his glory?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

## The Wisdom of the Peoples

III. Maxims of John Davidson (1857-1909).

The first step towards magnanimity is to perceive no lack of it in others.

We must carefully distinguish between the absence of tact and the presence of principle.

Dignity is impudence.

Logic is the strong delusion which God sends.

Except to the poet, the age of poetry is always past.

Angels' visits, however infrequent, are not as a rule ceremonious.

Conscience is a pretext which we have invented to save us the trouble of thinking.

It cannot be said too often that there is no greater illusion than disillusion.

*—Selected by James Waldo Fawcett.*

### THE PASSIONATE SWORD.

Temper my spirit, oh Lord,
  Burn out its alloy,
And make it a pliant steel for thy wielding,
  Not a clumsy toy,
A blunt, iron thing in my hands
  That blunder and destroy.

Temper my spirit, oh Lord,
  Keep it long in the fire;
Make it one with the flame. Let it share
  That up-reaching desire.
Grasp it thyself, oh my God;
  Swing it straighter and higher!

*The Bookman.* *—Jean Starr Untermeyer.*

## Concerning War Debt*

We read (April, 1917) in the daily press that Congress has now appropriated $7,000,000,000 to begin our operations in the Great War. No one who sees these figures has any conception of their meaning, for no individual man can even imagine such a fund. It is, roughly speaking, equivalent to the total cost of our national government in the administrations of Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson. It is roughly equivalent to the value of all lands and buildings in California, Oregon and Washington. It is not far from the sum of all the gross earnings of all laboring men, farmers and workmen of the United States for a whole year, or the net earnings of more than half a dozen years. It is greater than the immense war debt of France in 1914, of which the end, as Gambetta prophesied, would be "a beggar crouching by a barrack door." It is greater than the estimated total wealth of Belgium before the war. It is two-thirds the estimated wealth of Japan. It is one-third the combined wealth of Italy, Spain and Holland. The sum is about 5 per cent of all the actual property of the richest nation on the globe. If held till the war is over, it would have enabled us to restore every ruined building in every warring nation. It makes such an act of international friendship financially impossible.

The bonds it requires form a blanket first mortgage over all the property of the nation, in addition to the blanket second mortgages of State, county, municipal and school district borrowings, and the personal mortgages by which most of us carry on our business with other people's savings.

We note the warning of Frank A. Vanderlip, president of our greatest bank, that there is not free money enough in the country to take those bonds off the government's hands. The amount of gold and silver in the world is estimated at between $11,000,000,000 and $12,000,000,000. These bonds cover much more than half of that, and more than four-fifths of all the gold. The interest on them will swell the cost of living, for men are forced to put up prices as taxes rise. The pressure on the gold reserve may embarrass or prevent specie payments. With our paper detached from a good basis as is now the case throughout Europe, there is no standard of prices left. It may grow easy to pay off old debts, easier still to make new ones, a condition which precedes a financial crash.

It is true that vast accumulations of gold exist in New York, alongside with equally vast accumulations of foreign bonds. Neither gold nor bonds have come into the hands of the American people, who, as a whole, have not been enriched by the war, nor have anything to gain by the issue of bonds.

It has been said that in this war "we would pay as we go" by a drastic conscription of swollen incomes. But the possessors of such incomes do not agree to this, and this bond issue looks toward throwing the burden on posterity meanwhile carrying the same load ourselves in the payment of interest. The prospect is not that we pay as we go, but rather that we shall never pay at all, cashing in the interest in perpetuity, even as the nations of Europe have done for a century. And these interest payments in America as in Europe, will be wrung from the blood and sweat of laboring men and largely through methods of indirect taxation, a chosen weapon of tyranny. To oppose these loans would be futile. When a nation goes into war it enters on a slippery incline, and it must finally go to the bottom wherever that may be.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

*This memorandum on war debt I prepared in April, 1917, but did not publish it. Although true and prophetic it would at that time have done no good but might have been harmful.

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## The World's Great Rebels and Heretics

No. IV.

SOCRATES THE HERETIC OF ATHENS.

In 502 B. C. the Greek tyrants were overthrown, and in 490 B. C. the Persians were driven back and Democracy established, and then as Heroditus says, "The Athenians waxed mighty." Between 550 B. C. and 350 there was born in Athens a race of men whose intellectual powers the world has never equalled. Conscious of their greatness, content with their system, provided for by slave labor, they grew to be very conservative. The supreme test of everything was "what the good of the state and demands of custom" required. The atmosphere of Athens was intellectual—the air was full of discussion of ethics, politics, physics, literature and art; among these groups of thinkers arose the Sophists, a group of rebel thinkers. They disturbed the ancient moorings and troubled the conservatives, and broke ground for a greater to come. And that greater came in the shape of the powerfully built, ungainly, pug-nosed man who assumed the role of general cross-questioner of everything. Leaders had talked unchallenged of "piety" and "impiety"; of "justice" and "injustice"; of "temperance" and "madness"; of "the state," "citizenship," etc., etc. Now comes a troublesome heretic who asks them "What is piety?" "What is the state?" "What is madness?" "What is citizenship?"

His mode of life was as heretical as his ideas. He walked about the bright-painted marbles of the Acropolis in dirty mantle and barefooted; he stopped to talk with a cobbler at his shop-door and ignored the military hero who was passing.

Of course the conservatives had not liked the ideas of the silken-robed Sophists, but in Socrates came a heretic who passed along life unconcerned about honoring everything that the conservatives treated as sacred.

Socrates is the first intellectual rebel in history. He boldly stated that the supreme good in life is happiness, and that mankind should use its intelligence (reason) to secure it. He made possible the work of Plato and Aristotle, and he with them became the great trinity, which shares with the Hebrew Religious leaders, in being the great permanent influence upon human life.

He was so troublesome that his death was ordered and he died the martyr. The supreme courage of the man is seen, when at his trial, being cautioned to bridle his tongue, he replies:

> When your generals at Potidaea assigned me my place in battle, I remained there and did my work, and faced the peril; and think you that when Deity has assigned my duty at this pass in life, I should, through fear of death, evade it, or shirk my post?

The bold, heretical thinker of Athens is, next to Jesus, the world's pre-eminent benefactor.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

## THE FIELD.

*"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"*

### PUSSYFOOT'S CERTIFICATE.

[We desire to share with our readers this interesting clipping from Mahatma Gandhi's *Young India.* It casts an interesting side-light on Gandhi's work.—THE EDITORS.]

I was agreeably surprised to receive the following from Pussyfoot. I had hoped to have the privilege of meeting Dr. Johnson, but our program always clashed. It is therefore special satisfaction for me to be able to receive a letter from him acknowledging our temperance work.

"My dear Mr. Gandhi:

"While sailing away from your country my mind keeps going back to the wonderful work that you are doing for the temperance cause in India and consequently for the world.

"After making all possible discounts for motive, purpose or method, the bald fact looms up against the sky that you have accomplished more for the temperance reform in two years than any other man has been able to accomplish, in that time, in the history of the world.

"My chief regret in leaving India is that while there I was not able to meet you personally and tell you what I am telling you in this letter.

"Please present my kind recollections to your good wife and your brother with whom I did have the privilege of the little visit.

"Cordially yours,
"W. E. JOHNSON.

"At Sea, 19th November, 1921."

I can share the letter with the reader without blushing for the simple reason that I can claim no credit for the work which Dr. Johnson truly calls wonderful. It has not even taken two years to accomplish what has been done. But the credit belongs to a multitude of unknown workers who, fired by the religious nature of the movement, spontaneously took up temperance work. I wish that such glorious work had not been marred by the wanton and violent burning of liquor shops in Bombay.

Let me hope that all trace of compulsion will be removed from the reform and that we shall soon see an India become voluntarily dry.—*M. K. Gandhi in the "Young India."*

### LABOR AND DISARMAMENT.

Organized British labor cannot be said to have lost its illusions about the Washington Conference, because it never had any. Its contribution to the outburst of press enthusiasm over the limitation of big battleships was in the main the unselfish one of not stressing the unemployment caused by the sudden stoppage of work on the four big battleships here. It was the Mayor of Chatham who took the broad view at once that, if Chatham dockyards were to be closed down in consequence, the Admiralty would be petitioned to start building merchant ships instead—a prompt transformation of swords into ploughshares. "The whole world," he said, "and not Chatham, must be considered."

But, for all that, the workers are not deceived into thinking that economy in battleship building has much to do with world peace, as long as the production of poison gas, aeroplanes and submarines continues unlimited. To be able to kill your brothers at six a penny instead of two a penny is to take care of the pence, perhaps, but hardly of the brothers. Ernest Bevin, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, thoroughly expressed the views of the intelligent workers when he said in a recent election speech that ten times more life had been destroyed since 1918 by the policy of diplomats, resulting in hunger and disease, than by all the armaments used in the preceding four years, and that, whatever Washington were to decide, "the human family will re-equip itself and fight again over the question of vested interests and the dividing up of the world." All of which would be merely destructive criticism but for his concluding words—"Hence, the Labor Party, rather than deal with the effect of wars as expressed in armaments, wants to get to the root cause of world antagonisms." This I believe to express the reasoned desire, even if unaccompanied as yet by a practicable policy, of European workers in general at this moment, and I think its immense significance, when we compare it with the indifference and ignorance of the working classes with regard to foreign politics before 1914, has not even begun to be realized by our possessing classes.

—*Evelyn Sharp.*

*The World Tomorrow.*

### "HOME FOLKS" INFORM CONGRESSMAN OF STATUS OF MATERNITY BILL.

Back from a middle-western state has just drifted a story which has had statewide circulation, to the great discomfiture and embarrassment of a member of Congress. He had gone home to "see the folks" during the Thanksgiving recess, and was invited by the local League of Women Voters to address one of its meetings, tell them about the Congress, and especially about important legislation before it.

The Congressman accepted—with pleasure. He had long ago assured them, as voting constituents, that he was in Congress to serve them as their representative. So—it would be a pleasure to tell them of his stewardship.

On the appointed day he appeared, and spoke—at length. He failed to tell them much, however, so when he stopped talk-

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ing his audience began asking questions.

"What about the Sheppard-Towner bill?" asked one, thinking to get a first hand "thrill" from one who was in the thick of the debate.

"Oh—ah," answered the Congressman without the flicker of an eyelash, "I am sorry to tell you that the bill is still held up in committee."

Deadly silence for a moment, then—

"Why, Congressman Blank," said a crisp, businesslike voice of one of the women who brought an electoral vote for Harding to Washington last January, "don't you know the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Bill passed the House on November 19th, and was signed and became a law on November 23rd, the day before Thanksgiving?"

"He'd better come home occasionally and let the women tell him what Congress is doing" suggested one mirthful member of the League.

"What did he say?" questioned a woman who wasn't there.

"He didn't" was the cryptic reply.

*—Bulletin Illinois League of Women Voters.*


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